

## THE LOST CHILDREN OF BABYLON – DISTANT TRAVELLER LYRICS

[dr. malachi york]

“they reside in the eight galaxy of the nineteen galaxies. & they do travel by... “ship” as you would call them for a lack of a better word. & they’ve been intergalactically traveling & coming to this planet since eleven thousand, five hundred years ago...”

[chorus: richard raw]

i am the distant traveler, come from a far away star

i was drawn by the spirit of a gathering, i’ve come to join your song. (x2)

[verse 1: richard raw]

invoked with astrological involvement, linguistic, ventriloquise whispers, hypnotic suggestions through apocalyptic fellowship. cosmic duration, rhythmic pulsation, pulctuals of emptiness shift the vowel from between the void, intergalactic communication, implanted by enchanted transcripts, engraved in sanskrit. interpreted by crystal translators, organic robotoy protects synthetic apparition

my parallel alien life forms, i swarm through the storm with a crown of th-rns as my uniform. my staff transforms into a unicorn, in search of the promised land

guided by the pineal gland, brotherhood of darkness

order of the sufi, under study of tehuti

build the sphinx, the reincarnation of ramses, angelic protector of the holy relics, born in the subterranean level of the pyramid, my eyelid resembles osiris. bearer of the scepter

my mind is a replica of mecca

egyptian philosophers, politic in verses with the alchemists, archangels walk on the seventh plain

[chorus: richard raw]

i am the distant traveler, come from a far away star

i was drawn by the spirit of a gathering, i’ve come to join your song. (x2)

[verse 2: richard raw]

heeb the voice of the two edge sword, lord of the underworld. i escape shambala to follow the scholars to the kaaba, where i transm-tate my physical state into the form of the chupacabras.

stand on my altar on which i offer to the flying saucers, who resemble humanoid vultures, spinning sulfur as the hebrew, who rest in the cathedral of the scarab beetle. awaken by the mystic chants of the tarots, mutilating cattle upon the crop circles as the earth goes through planetary allignment, my -ssignment elevate from the confinement of the material plane, sustained by omnicon, my voice responds to the bomb that transforms into a pit of cobras, hovering over the former ice caps guided by the light of the rumardians

my sham scans the land for biological holograms, monitoring the luciferian conspiracy overthrown by the army of the pharisees

i ressurect as hali salasi, —? the ways of marcus garvey but inherit the soul of bob marley & the whalers. sailers of the heavens, in tune to illyuwn, my brithplace is the base on mars, my face was carved into mountains of cydonia, the planet shifts to eclipse the inner sun

communication through telepathic influence

commence to re insert the barathary gland

walking the burning sands of sudan

accompanied by a clan of etherians who seek for the sumerian tablets, psychological magician

appiritian of the tibetan m-n-scripts, my tongue splits to fit each hemisphere, metaphysical

shape shifter who dript up pillars from the village of overstanding, strip search you of your belief system

reverse my habitat

i build a altar in the form of a iglo in midst of the sahara

the —? invading terror like the era of the andromedas

walk on the seventh plain

[chorus to outro]